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Popcorn

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Popcorn

There is a kernel lodged deep in my mind,
buried under years of grading policies and shoeshine
that may as well be caffeinated.
If only I could turn off anticipation of the alarm clock
set to explode in a dream at pre-dawn.

Something tells me I didn't always chew
my nails. I am
always out of time
but it's a nasty habit.

this kernel this kernel this kernel
 nestled in a memory between the palm of
my five-year old fist and a makeshift machete
lopping the life out of hairy old dandelions
spreading their white seed into the breeze
to fertilize yards down the street.

or another memory like it
 long ago.

The kernel wants at least probation.
It wants to be retrieved.
 Or is this some mother-fucking urge
hiding behind memories with pig-tails Sigmund?

The sound of the steadily beating drum,
 beat by the hands of the primitive man
 resonates within.

one thousand father down the tree
two thousand ten thousand
whatever – exactness clouds the picture.

I must shake the hand of the primitive man
to distract him from his drum – I need good sleep.

I need to dive into the ocean of memory
to retrieve this pearl that reminds me of me,
tossed like a cigarette butt out of the window
at a fork in the road so long ago.

calling now with ancient rhythm
to burst into thought and then into action
of turning against the current of time
and forcing a way back
to the wilderness.

Should I answer?

Well
the rest of my brain is a bowl of popcorn
strongly urging against it,
so I don't think I really can.

Matthew Homan